Sensolom See, how a og shall men proclaim Thy freedom and thy power! Elars of

Hoses,
Thy wrath is borrowed of the wind, the Noon opplies 15y smiles, thy liftle is but a usure hat poets use. To these nor praise nor blame Belong. And yet shall man, also, not scon Forget to fear these, and thy dim halls strewn with boson of bravest case and fairest dame?

The careless this within thee sport and breed,
The bird above thee spreads her a croful wing:
Yet those, more lifetens than thy weatest weed,
Cases alasks the very soul of priest and thing
And age to uses thy breathless breast a grears
A sense of a tghs, a sudderment of tears.

The Academy

## CUT OFF.

A small steam launch, containing half a dozen persons, swept swiftly along with the muddy current of the Guajara river. The vessel and party had le't Amazon, nearly a month before, and had steamed up as far as the junction of the Madera, there taking a southerly course as far as Balsamaco.

After leaving the latter town they had furned into a side stream and before long wers inextricably mixed up in the network of creeks and small rivers which gress and recross themselves in southern Brazil.

The leader of the party and owner of the launch lay stretched out on the deck with a small rifle in his hands, occasionally shooting at some bright plumaged bird flying overhead or at a lazy reptile colled in the branches of a tree on shore.

"Jack," he said presently, to the young man who sat in the pilot house and with sare skill kept the vessel clear of the in-numerable legs in the river, "where are "Jack," he said presently, to the you

"I don't know," replied Jack. "Where to Bunco? He's the only person who has ever been known to leave these parts

A shout from the young pilot brought Sunco into view—a tall, thin, swarthy man, with a countenance that would have made his fortune as the leading villain in a drama of the lurid type. But position to work he was good natured and intelligent, and of valuable service to the party. Jack had christened him Bunco, as the name most closely resem-bling that which he had given at their first meeting.

"I dunno whar we is," he said in reply so the pilot's question. "Hit's mighty queer, too, for I had been yere befo'." He looked nervously toward shore as

"His ain's fur from Balsamaco to Inca, I recken, an' ef once we git thar we are sure ter run into ther natives. They're thick right aroun' hyer, an' savager'n all

The captain of the craft arose and stood at Bunco's side. "Can you tell us how to reach the Madera again?" he asked. "This must be one of the branches to it—possibly the

Gunjara." "Thet's jest whut I'm afeard of," said Banco, shading his eyes with one hand and peering ahead. "An' ef hit is, we're agoin' ter run right in ther Inca

"And she natives there, you say, are Shvago?"

The colored man nodded.

"They're wusser than in any other part of Brazil." The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of two young men, one

about the same age as Jack and the other a few years older.
"Bill is going to strike," said one of

hot enough down in the engine room to broil a steak. He wants to know when you are going back." "We're going to turn around present ly," replied the person addressed. "We why, Bunco, there's a house.'

The whole party followed with their eyes the direction of the captain's outstretched arm, and saw through the foliage the thatched roof of a native but Jack turned the vessel towards shore and rang the signal in the engine room to shut off steam.

In a few minutes they had reached dry land and were hurrying in the direction of the building, leaving Bill to moor the launch and follow them later.

The party consisted of an English gen tleman named Robert Etynge, his two sons, George and Russell; Jack Campbell, a young American, and Bill and Bunco, engineer, fireman, deck hand and steward, in turn. They were on a six months' pleasure trip through South America

The house, which they discovered in the center of a cleared space of ground near the river side, was a well built structure, containing one large and one small room, with the single entrance in the side of the former. It had evidently been lately inhabited, for a large supply of grain, dried meats and vegetables was stored within, and a pile of wood already

cut for fuel lay ready at hano.

The party proceeded at once to inspect the cabin, to see what sort of a place it would be to spend the night in Their quarters in the vessel were so cramped that whenever it was practicable they had slept in a tent on shore or in a temporarily deserted but like the present one

"I guess we'd better stay here for the night," said Mr. Etynge. "The building is a stout one and proof against both wild beasts and wild men. Suppose a

couple of you youngsters go down to the boat and get some bedding." Jack and Russell stepped to the door but drew back suddenly, the former beckening to the captain as he did so.
"There's a crowd of natives coming

this way," he whispered. "Look through the window while we bar the door." Mr. Etynge sprang to the small win-dow and gianced towards a body of men-rapidly advancing in the direction of the sabin. They were within gunshot before eatching sight of the house, then they fell back, concealing themsalves behind some trees and bushes, and jabbering

away like an army of monkeys. hardl "Well," said Russell, as he and Jac: finished barring the door, "this is a nice goey.

adventure, isn't it? The idea of leaving the boat with only one rifle among us!"

They looked into each other's faces,

but no one spoke.

Whist A short, thick, sharp pointed piece of wood flew through the window and buried itself in the opposite wall. Another and another followed, some of them striking the cabin and others coming in

by way of the open window.
The men threw themselves on the floor, at Bunco's suggestion, and all but Jack Campbell remained in that position for nearly half an hour. The latter had seized the captain's small repeating rifle and cautiously apprehehed the window. For some minutes the arrows from the natives' air guns flew so thickly that he was unable to get a shot at them; but presently there came a lull in the one idded bombardment, and the sharp crack of the rifle was followed by a death yell

from without.

But one rifle, although it kept back for some time the assault of the savages, was not sufficient to drive them away. and late in the afternoon, Jack's car-tridges having given out, the natives ap-proached nearer to the cabin.

They seemed to realize that the deadly ammunition of their enemies had become exhausted, and were preparing for a hand to hand conflict, knowing that they utnumbered the inmates of the cabin ten to one.

But as they cautiously approached the hut, shooting almost constantly at the door and windows, an unexpected but powerful re-enforcement came to the aid of the tourists in the shape of their engineer on board the launch.

Bill was alow to comprehend the real danger of his friends' position; but when he did so he at once made preparations for their relief. He gathered all the amountion he could find into the pilot have and loaded was he does not be the pilot have and loaded was he does not be the pilot have and loaded was he does not be the pilot have and loaded was he does not be the pilot have and loaded was he does not be the pilot have and loaded was he does not be the pilot have and loaded was he does not be the pilot have and loaded was he does not be the pilot have and loaded was he does not be the pilot have a pilot be the pilot be pilot be the se, and loaded nearly a dozen repeatng rifles before commencing to shoot. hen he finally opened fire he was able keep a steady stream of bullets trained upon the savages, and this thoroughly demoral zed them and caused the majority to retreat precipitately from the hut

and turn their attention toward the river. Bill was not particularly noted for his marksmanship, and not more than one in every twenty bullets took effect; but the uncessing fire was too much for the natives, and they broke and ran like so

many sheep.

For a few minutes it looked as though Bill's plan would enable those imprisoned in the hut to make their escape; but with the cessation of the firing the courage of the natives returned, and they speedily placed the cabin between themselves and the vessel. Then they sent a half dozen particularly good shots at the doughty

"It looks ter me," said Bill to himself, as several of the sharp pointed sticks flow past him, "as if we'd kinder got inter a hornets" nest. These durned savages will starve the boys out unless I can drive them off. I guess I'll wait till after dark and see if I can't carry some rifles to them."

For some time afterwards the mind of the engineer was busily engaged in choosing from a number of plans the one best suited for the speedy deliverance of his fellow tourists. It would be necessary to reach the cabin without alarming the savages, and at the same time leave behind him some indication of his presence on board the vessel, thus distracting their

attention from his expedition.

He finally perfected a scheme that would carry out his idea, and when night fell, he had completed his arrangements for liberating the tourists.

He secured all the rifles in a bundle and stowed about his clothing all the them, with a laugh. "He's got nearly cartridges he could carry. Then he set all his clothing off now, but he says it's hot enough down in the engine room to back the valve cord, so as to frighten the natives and give them to understand that he was still on board. The vessel was also provided with a large and resonant brass bell, and the clapper of this he connected by a cord with the plunging piston rod, for he had set the engine gently to working. The result must have puzzled and amused the captives as much as it alarmed the natives, and for a few minutes not a sound could be heard above the hoarse shrick of the whistle, and the

load ding dong of the bell.

Just as the din commenced Bill leaped on shore with the rifles and ammunition and set out in the darkness for the cabin. Twice he stumbled and fell, and several times caught sight of dark forms moving about him, for the cabin was surrounded by savages. But if they saw the engineer they must have taken him for one of their own number, and he reached the front of the cabin in safety.

"Hey, there," he whispered, rapping tightly on the door. "It's me—Bill."

The door was cautiously opened and the engineer crawled in, receiving a perfect ovation from the prisoners.

When they had divided the rifles and cartridges, the captain said: "I guess we'd better start for the boat at once. Under cover of the darkness

we are more sure to reach it, and the noise of the whistle will show us the way. Are you all ready?" 'Yes." came in chorus from the rest.

and the door was slowly opened.

The captain went out first, followed in turn at intervals of a minute by Bunco. Jack, Russell, Bill and George. Just as the latter started, the fun began.

The rifles kept cracking merrily, each succeeding report sounding nearer and nearer to the boat, until the captain, with Bill at his side, sprang on board, and the ngenuity of the latter was still further damonstrated by the preparations which he had made for repelling boarders. Two long pieces of rubber hose, con-

necting with the boiling water in the engine room, were brought into service, and, while waiting for the remainder of the party to come up, did valuable work in keeping the savages as a distance. When the last man was on board Bill rushed below and started the propeller, while Jack, in the pilot house, bended

the boat down stream.
"We are saved!" exclaimed the cap tain, fervensly. "New let us get out of this region as quick as possible. It is hardly the sort of one for a pleasure tour."—Howard B. Boynton in The Ar-



WHICH WILL IT BE? Which is the fairest, a rose or a lily?
Which is the sweetest, a peach or a pear?
Merry's coquetish, and charming is Milly;
Dora is gentle and fair.
Press as a tower was her face when I klassed
(Love is the romance and plory of life.)
Milly, my plurimate, I love "like a sister."
But Dora I choose for my wife.

But Dora I choses for my wite.

That is right, young man, marry the girl you love, by all means, if also will have you, the uld ber hould become delicate and her beaut; fade after marriage, remember that this is usually due to functional destributes, weaknesses, tre-gularities, or painful orders popular to low sex, in the cure of which Dr. Thereo's Favorite Prescription is grarantelessed to give satisfaction, or motor rational. See the printed certificule of guarantee os bettle-wrapper.

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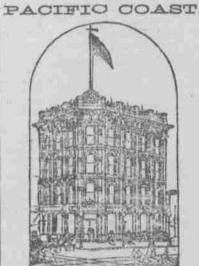
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